

RED HOT.

Days are those that are now upon us.

Its Effects in Sedalia and the Neighborhood.

The past three days have firmly convinced the people of this section that the weather is a very real thing.

We all now firmly believe in a hell. And with the thermometer 105° in the shade, dare B. A. Ingalls to deny it.

Yesterday morning nearly all rose with a prayer upon their lips for rain. The night previous had been the hottest ever experienced in the city, and a goodly number fled to Sweet Springs. The sun rose as fierce and hung over the parched earth like a monster mass of fire, as on the day preceding. All nature perspired with slight waves of moisture that were lapped up in the glowing air and turned to scalding steam. The animal kingdom sweltered and suffered, and sought refuge in shade and grove where not deprived of liberty. With the approach of noon the mercury crawled steadily higher, and finally marked 100°, which was a higher point than it reached Saturday.

Not a breath of air brought relief, and the clouds which at times rose above the horizon faded away in tantalizing delusion. Ice, cooling drinks, and all conceivable methods of keeping cool were sought and tried, with variable success, while what little comfort could be snatched from the molten day was immediately devoured by the flies.

The night was nearly as hot as the day—close, oppressive, stifling. Human ingenuity was racked to afford means to obtain the rest which was wanted in vain. Toward the approach of day the earth cooled and became endurable, but the sun rose again this morning as clear as ever, with but little promise, at the recent writing, of relief.

Verily, the heated term of 1878 will long be remembered. Keeping calm, avoid exposure and intoxicating drinks, and fill your imagination with icebergs and the adventures of Arctic explorers.

From a Clear Sky.

About midday yesterday a light cloud loomed up from the northwest, and when directly over the city it emitted a blinding flash followed by a startling peal of thunder. The sun was brightly shining, and it was the only indication of the eagerly prayed for storm. The cloud passed away, and the sun shone hotter than ever, leaving sweltering humanity trying in disappointment.

Overpowered by the Heat.

Frank Robbins was overpowered by the heat this forenoon, on Main street, and barely escaped falling there. He gained his room and soon recovered.

It was rumored on the streets that a man named Williams, living near Georgetown, was smothered this morning.

John Hogue, a little son of E. M. Hogue, was overcome by the heat yesterday morning while in bed. He is out of danger now. A son of Thomas Newton, who lives in the south part of the city, was overcome by heat early this morning. It is thought that he is not fatally injured.

Squire Young, the well-known machinist at Bailey Bros., was prostrated by the heat while at work in the shop this morning. He was conveyed to his residence and reported better this evening.

There were thirty-three cases of sunstroke in St. Louis reported yesterday, nine of which were fatal.

Death of J. C. Gentry.

This city was shocked this morning by the report of the death of John C. Gentry at his home on his farm, two miles east of Dresden, this county. On Saturday he complained of a headache and went to bed, and Dr. Brown, of this city, was called to attend him. After working with him while the pain was relieved and Mr. Gentry slept through the night. He was comparatively well yesterday and went to bed at the usual time. This morning he arose as usual but went back to bed again. Some one in the house noticed that his head was rather low and went to the bedside to fix the pillow, when it was discovered that he was dead or nearly so. He did not speak after lying down. His death occurred at about nine o'clock. These are the facts that had been obtained in time for this issue of the BAZON. Mr. Gentry owned and worked one of the largest and finest farms in the country, and was a gentleman universally respected for his noble qualities. He was about forty-five years of age and leaves a wife and three children, the oldest being about eleven years of age. His parents, who live near Hannibal, have been notified. The time for the funeral has not been fixed yet, but will probably take place to-morrow.

A Big Job.

One of our citizens received a communication from the Marshal this morning that makes him scratch his head. It reads as follows:

NOTICE.

OFFICE OF CITY MARSHAL, SEDALIA, Mo., July 15th, 78.

Whereas, the Board of Health of the city of Sedalia have declared the alley in the rear of your place of residence to be a nuisance, you are hereby notified and required to abate the same, at once.

What bothers him now is, how is he to abate the alley? He might cover it over, fence it in, turn it bottom side up, or stand it on end. But there is the alley, just the same, and he can't abate it one jot or little.

Just Like Her.

A walking match came off in St. Louis, on Saturday. Miss Mary Marshall, of Chicago, and Chas. Hottel, of St. Louis, started out on their thirty-hour tramp, carrying a large number of well-known sporting men in attendance. The walking was very brisk, considering the weather. At 11:45 a new match was arranged, and the \$250 stakes was awarded to Miss Marshall, Hottel being unable to resume. Tom Costello, a well-known athlete, was selected to walk against her, and at one o'clock Sunday morning they entered upon the contest, the winner to receive two-thirds of the gate receipts.

No one who has suffered with salt rheum, boils, pimples, ulcers, or any other blood disease, has tried Dr. Ball's Blood Mixture in vain; it always cures.

"I AM TIRED

And Must Lie Down and Rest."

Death of John Malcolm Yesterday Evening.

The first fatal case in Sedalia, resulting from the effects of the heat this summer, was John Malcolm, the well known tailor on Second street, who died yesterday evening about five o'clock.

He had a law suit in Justice Warden's court yesterday and the care, and the circumstance connected with it has given considerable mental trouble for some time. He was present in the court yesterday afternoon, but complaining of feeling unwell, he left the room for his store. As he left the court room he was observed to stagger, and his face wore a very peculiar look.

Reaching his store, he entered and observed to those who were there: "Gentlemen, enjoy yourselves, but I am tired and must lie down and rest," snitting the action to the word by lying down upon a table. After lying down some time his countenance and manner indicated that something was wrong, and Dr. Neal was sent for. The doctor tried all the usual methods for his restoration, but they proved of no avail, and in a short time John Malcolm passed from unconsciousness to death.

Mr. John Malcolm was about fifty-five years of age, and a native of Culross, Scotland. At one time he was heavily engaged in the mercantile business in Glasgow, Scotland, and at one time was presented with a handsome gold watch by the citizens of Glasgow, as a document among his effects will show. He had been a Mason a great many years and bore the proper papers, though we believe he never joined the Order in this country. He has at one period of his life been in the English army, and from occasional remarks, had served in the Crimean war. There is a secret connected with Malcolm's life during his military career, and on that point he was carefully guarded.

John Malcolm came to this city from Pennsylvania a little over a year ago, a brother, to whom he had loaned money, having preceded him to this country several years and settled near Ft. Scott, where he died. After his arrival in this city, Malcolm leased the shop in which he died. It was this lease the lawsuit grew out of that transpired yesterday. After taking this store, in which he slept, the man who was Marshal at the time once attempted to break in the door and arrest him for the alleged violation of an ordinance. Malcolm refused to allow him to enter without a warrant, and in the effort to do so the officer was shot in the chin. The public generally endorsed the act of Malcolm.

John Malcolm was a man of more than average intelligence, and one of the best read men in the city. He was kind and generous to a fault, but his convivial habits, unrestrained by the presence of his family, led him into excesses at times. He leaves two sons, and a daughter, who lately married, in Glasgow, Scotland. He has no relatives in this country, and his effects have been taken possession of by the proper authorities.

The body was removed to the undertaker's and at six o'clock this morning was buried by the city. And thus ended John Malcolm's life. Let his virtues be remembered, and his faults be buried with him.

KILLED FOR FUN.

Dodge City the Scene of a Dreadful Tragedy—U. S. Marshal McCarry Killed—The End of a Foolish Frolic.

KAUFMAN CITY, Kas., July 13.—Deputy United States Marshal, H. T. McCarry, was shot in the groin last evening, by Tom Griffin. McCarry died at five o'clock this morning. Great excitement prevails here. Griffin is in jail and will probably be hanged to-night. No cause for the murder is assigned. It was all for fun. Griffin was shot, but only slightly wounded.

There is a class of diseases, often incident to their approach and show in their action, dependent upon a poor condition of the blood. The surest and speediest relief and cure for these complaints is Dr. Ball's Blood Mixture.

"I. X. Peck."

Mr. Thos. Mason, who is better known all over the state as the witty writer, "I. X. Peck," of the St. Louis Republic, died from the effects of sunstroke in Elston, near Jefferson city, on Saturday. The Tribune says:

"Mr. Thomas Mason, the gentleman who has been for a few days exhibiting Edison's wonderful invention, the phonograph, yesterday attended the picnic at Elston's Station. About three o'clock p. m. he was seen to feel his handkerchief, and apply it to his head, and started to the station, which was about a quarter of a mile from the grove in which the picnic was held. There was no shade along the road and the sun was shining with terrific heat. When Mr. Mason reached the nearest house, he was found to be suffering so much from the heat, that Dr. Elton who was at the picnic was immediately summoned and on reaching the patient found him to be suffering from the effects of a severe sunstroke, of which he died in about fifteen minutes. Mr. Mason was a man of intelligence and pleasing manners. He was an occasional correspondent of the St. Louis Republic, under the nom de plume of I. X. Peck. His friends in St. Louis were informed of his death and requested to give instructions as to the disposal of his remains. His family reside in New York. His body will be interred in the city cemetery to-day."

A Right Smart Woman.

The ladies have of late been much interested in cultivating their muscle. For the benefit of the fair ones residing in Sedalia, we will state that there is a woman in Pennsylvania who weighs over 225 pounds, won the harvest field during the entire present season, raking and binding as well as any other person in the field. She even outdid some of the male persons. On the 7th inst., towards evening, she picked up a grain cradle and cradled one full length of the field, and then turned around, took up her rake, and raked and bound the wheat that she cut as she walked back. The lady is a fair specimen of what a woman can do when necessity requires.

See to it that your child meets with no accident; when sick, use for the disease of babyhood Dr. Ball's Baby Syrup—it never disappoints. 25 cents.

STREET TALK.

In the Heat of a Long Summer's Day.

All communication yesterday was carried on between fan wars, and a fat man was extremely hard to find. One was found, however, and interrogated.

Reporter: Hello!

Fat Man (sneezingly)—Hello, high, I'm thinking.

Rep.—Don't you wish you could sit on top of an iceberg and sing from "Greenland's icy Mountains?"

F. M.—Don't believe Greenland's got any icy mountains. I know what Sedalia's got, though. She's got a stream of filth and corruption running through the heart of it, reeking with poison, pestilence and death. That Pearl river has got Stys enough in it for all our souls to cross upon.

Rep.—But the Board of Health have ordered it floated occasionally to carry of all impurities.

F. M.—Carry thunder! Where will it carry it to? Do you suppose turning the hose on and stirring up the abominable mass till it lodges up higher and stinks twice as bad, is going to do any good?

Rep.—Dunno, but what's the matter with you? Must have got one of those back alley billet doux from the Marshal.

F. M.—You just bet your life I did, but it ain't my fault. There's Smith's count-downed old stable on one side, and Jones' pig pen on the other. The filth runs from both sides and settles right behind me. I've had four or five rows, but the filth keeps running just the same. Now what the d— is a fellow to do?

Rep. (sneezingly)—Burn the stable—poison the pigs.

F. M. (sneezingly)—Darned if I don't believe I will.

Rep.—Did you go to the circus yesterday?

F. M.—Yes, I did.

Rep.—Going to church to-day?

F. M.—No, I ain't, if I know myself.

Rep.—Why not? salvation is free, a circus costs four bits.

F. M.—That may be, but salvation don't have any monkeys and brass bands.

So the reporter left that Wicked Old Fat Man and hunted up a lean one, who was lying under a tree in his yard, without any boots, hat, coat or vest on.

Rep.—Mornin'. Awful hot.

Lean Man—You're right, it is warm; but this is nothing to what I've seen in Arkansas.

Rep.—How hot was that?

L. M.—Well, you may not believe me, but 1855 we all had to live in caves, and it was so hot the sun set the dead trees on fire. When we were hungry, we just stuck a beefsteak on the end of a ramrod and held it out in the sun. In two minutes it would begin to sizzle, and if you didn't yank it out in mighty quick, it would be burned to a crisp.

Rep. (doubtingly)—Ye-yes—but but live how could cattle. Where did you get your beefsteak?

L. M. (slowly)—Why—why we killed 'em before it got so hot.

Rep.—Have you paid your poll tax yet?

L. M.—Well, I reckon I have. I threw away four dollars, if that's what you call it.

Rep.—How is that?

L. M.—Why that good did they do by their plows and scrapers? True, they killed the trees along the sides and threw up the dirt in the middle of the street. But next winter it will be just as bad. There ain't no bottom to that dirt. What we want is rock on our streets, or a line of barges in winter time.

Rep.—Well, would you be willing to pay your share for macadamizing?

L. M.—Course I would. Course I would; but maybe my neighbor wouldn't. So what is the use?

Rep.—You ought to take an interest in these matters and stir them up. Go before the Council, etc.

L. M.—Council! Council! Those fellows don't know anything. We ain't had a first-class board of Aldermen for years.

Rep.—Then why don't you run for Alderman?

L. M.—Oh, I wouldn't have it—the office is a nuisance to a business man.

Rep.—Did you go to the circus?

L. M.—You bet I did. It was a fraud, though. When I was a boy in Pennsylvania I saw a circus five miles long, and elephants as big as a two-story house, and—

GOOD ADVICE.

From a Physician Who Knows.

Dr. S. B. Houts submits the following recommendation for persons exposed to the heat:

1. Persons much exposed to the rays of the sun, from the nature of their business, should be clad in light clothing. Linen coats are to be preferred on account of reflecting the direct rays of the sun. Dark clothing is to be avoided, as dark cloth absorbs heat and retains it. Clothing of any kind should be loose, so as not to impinge on or pinch the body anywhere. Underwear should be mixed material, cotton and wool, not too thick and heavy—cool alone is too heating; preferring to either in my opinion are knit or netting undergarments now very common in our shops, as they are perforated with little squares or air-chambers all over the body, thereby producing a free distribution of air to the skin, which prevents that smothering feeling sometimes experienced on a hot day when wearing heavy wool.

All tightness about the neck, such as tight collars and neckerchiefs, should be dispensed with, as they interfere with the free return of the venous blood from the head; hair should be light and well vented. It is well occasionally to wet the head with cold water; by evaporation the scalp is cooled. Hair should be cut short.

2. The diet should be light, principally vegetable; very little meats should be used, as they are heat-producing. Supper or tea must be exceptionally light; cup of tea, toast, probably sliced tomatoes, are sufficient. Ice water can be drunk at any time with proper precautions. It is very refreshing, and produces perspiration. When you are very warm, first rinse the mouth, then swallow a small quantity; wait a short time, when you can drink any quantity with perfect safety.

3. Alcoholic stimulants should be scrupulously avoided during the excessive heat of the summer, it produces an excess of carbon in the blood, which, joined with the excessive heat, will paralyze the nervous centers, bringing on coma and ending in death.

A little sour wine in cold lemonade is very grateful and advisable.

4. Cold water will lower the temperature of the body, thereby a bathing is beneficial—once a day or every other day—remaining in the water from twenty to thirty minutes is sufficient. The towels should be kept regular by taking some cooling medicine occasionally, such as bottled citrate of magnesia, salicylate powder of some of the apocryphal minerals. By observing the rules and principles above imperfectly delineated, there will be very few sun-strokes.

S. B. HOUTS, M. D.

CRUSHED.

An Express Man Caught Between Two Trucks at the Union Depot Yesterday.

Kansas City Times, 16th.

Perhaps the first serious accident that has to be recorded at the Union Depot took place yesterday, and although with no fatal result, the man is seriously hurt. It appears that James Shannon, in the employ of the American Express Co., at the depot, was moving along yesterday a heavily loaded hand car; behind him came another with a similar load, and by some unaccountable means the two collided, crushing Shannon about the small of his back between the tracks. He dropped almost in his tracks, and was immediately picked up and carried into the company's office. At first it was thought the man was killed, but upon a doctor being called, and on examination being made, it was found he had only been severely bruised, and as far as known injured somewhat internally, to what extent time alone will tell. According to the doctor's opinion, if he had been caught higher up, the jam he would have received would have crushed some vital organ, and instantaneous death would have resulted. At last accounts he was resting comparatively easy. It seems almost wonderful that such accidents as this are not of almost daily occurrence, as the number of heavy pieces of baggage handled, both on incoming and outgoing trains, is almost incredible; but still the report of even a bruise or slight cut rarely occurs, and the expert and rapid manner in which these heavy packages are handled seems to the unlearned only a small branch of the art of elderdom.

A Hard Test.

Ten or a dozen men were enjoying the hot weather which baked the shingles on a ferry dock saloon yesterday, when a stranger stalked in and inquired of the bartender:

"Have you any mint?"

"Yes, sir," was the reply.

"And you have sugar, lemons, gin, brandy and so forth?"

"I have."

The stranger turned around to the crowd, noted the sudden increase of interest in each face, and kindly said:

"Gentlemen, I'm going to treat every liar in this room. Let the liars—the moonstruck liars—come forward."

Not a foot moved.

"Gentlemen," continued the stranger in a plaintive tone, "don't be backward. Juleps wait for all. Every one of you who is known as a liar will please stand up."

Not a man stood. The stranger's face betrayed great disappointment, as he ordered a rousing big "mint" for himself, and a word was spoken in the place while he slowly slipped the cooling liquid through a straw. When he had finished he wiped his mouth and said:

"Well, every truth teller in the crowd will now stand up."

"And sit down again," softly said the man as he made for the door.

They would have sat down on him, but great truth tellers are poor runners.

Drowned.

Mr. John McBride, the patentee of a new plow and who has been in this city for a considerable length of time, received a dispatch yesterday morning informing him that his son George had been drowned, at Des Moines, Iowa. George was the oldest of Mr. McBride's children, being about twenty years. Mr. McBride had left his family in Des Moines while he was working this country in the interest of his plow. He left on the train yesterday for his home. No particulars of the sad affair have been obtained yet. Mr. McBride was pretty well known in this city and had made a great many friends who tender their sympathies in his deep affliction.

CUTTING AFFRAY.

War Carried Into Africa.

Willis Robinson, a mulatto man, living in East Sedalia, went to the residence of E. W. McElhenny, on Third street, last evening and sat in the kitchen with the hired girl about half-past nine, when John Jones, a rival, came along, knowing that Robinson was within, and upon being refused admission kicked the door open. He then threw a stone he had at Robinson, without doing any injury. A scuffle ensued, during which Jones plunged a pocket knife into Robinson indicating a painful wound. The knife entered just below the right collar bone and went downward instead of inward, producing only a flesh wound. Had the knife gone in deeper, it probably would have touched a vital part. Officer Gossage, who was on duty at the time, heard the cry of Robinson, who had got as far as the Junction House on his way to doctor's office, where he again met Jones and the latter expressed a determination to lay him in the shade. Jones fled upon the approach of the officer and has not been seen since. An information will be filed against him for assault with intent to kill. Jones had been in the employ of Dave Bales, of this county, as a farm laborer.

POOR DAN RICE.

His Steamboat Sunk and the Veteran Showman in a Hard Hole.

When mid-summer does once overtake a once prosperous man it generally gives him a shaking up which lasts him. Dan Rice's streak of bad luck has been on deck for some time, and he received the grand coup yesterday when his steamboat, which promises to close his career as a showman, was wrecked in St. Joe a few weeks ago, and it was only a question of a good day or a bad day whether they could more or less. It happened to be a good day, and they made the next town, their end came near Oskosh, however, as the *Republic* of that city says:

It will be remembered that some days ago Dan Rice was with his circus boat, the "Damsel," en route up the river to all prominent Missouri river points between Omaha and Bismarck. He was intending to cross from Bismarck into the Black Hills, where he hoped to strike a bigger bonanza than even the Wheeler Bros. did on their place claim in Deadwood Gulch. The circus showed in Tekamah, Burt county, Tuesday, and the boat started that night for Decatur, the circus company remaining in Tekamah over night. Just as Dan was leaving overland with his show team for Decatur yesterday morning a messenger came into Tekamah with the news that the "Damsel" sunk Tuesday night, between the two towns. Nearly all the property on the boat was taken off before she went under. The Damsel was owned by Mr. Rice, and was valued at about \$20,000. We are mighty sorry for Dan. If he had as much money as Vanderbilt, we would give him a steamboat just for fun to keep the old fellow's spirits up.

Death of a Dallas Dog Catcher.

Des Moines News.

We see by the Dallas papers that Mexican Levi, the well known Mexican employed by the Dallas authorities as dog catcher, committed suicide at his residence in the city by hanging himself sometime Thursday night. The cause seems to have been the unhappy relations existing between him and his wife, an American woman. Levi De Vera, which is his proper name, has been known to the local of the *News* for many years. He was a native of Mexico and was born in the state of Nuevo Leon, where his family own a large hacienda. Somewhat difficult in which he was engaged in Matamoros in which knives were used freely, indeed Levi to hunt another and more congenial climate, after the prison door in Matamoros were opened to him through the influence of his family, who are in good circumstances. During the late war Levi served in the regiment of Texas cavalry commanded by ex-governor Ed. J. Davis, and received his discharge in San Antonio. He then engaged in the business of cattle driving, and made several trips to Dallas. For the last five years he has lived in Kansas, engaged a great part of the time as press turner in the *Herald* office and as dog catcher, being an expert in the use of the lasso. He was a good hearted fellow and generally well liked.

Another Unfortunate.

Henry Quint, a grocer on the corner of Main and Kentucky streets, died, last evening, a few minutes past 4 o'clock, from the effects of the heat. It was remarked by about everyone that yesterday was not a hot as the three or four days previous, but on the contrary quite comfortable, considering what we have passed through. The death of Mr. Quint can be attributed to an attack of sun-stroke he suffered on Sunday, from which he did not fully recover. On Sunday he complained of headache which was probably consequent of the brain superheated by the intense heat of that day. He paid but little attention to this and continued his business on Monday, until after noon, when he went home, corner of Fourth and Kentucky streets. Yesterday he remained at home, and at about 4 o'clock he went into his yard and soon fell. He was carried into the house and expired shortly afterwards without speaking. Physicians were summoned but could render no relief.

Mr. Quint leaves a wife but no children, as we understand. He was a native of Cooper county, and spent some years in California, finally locating in Sedalia, where he has been doing very well in business for the past four years. The funeral will take place from his late residence at 3 o'clock, this evening.

Row at Warrensburg.

About four o'clock yesterday afternoon a row broke out at the brewery. Owing to the hot weather the men from the quarries, the section hands on the railroad, and some miners from Missouri were out duty. By chance they all met at the brewery. Trouble ensued. There were at least three nationalities concerned. Words grew into blows and blows brought on a big row. The planks about the brewery were all stripped off. Mr. Green was assaulted and the peace generally fractured. Complaint was made against peace headquarters. Pete Douglas was arrested on charge of disturbing the peace. He took a continuance till to-day and in default of bail was sent to the "Tomb." Writs are out for three others, names unknown. There is a rich bonanza here if it is properly worked up.

TIPTON CONVENTION.

Nomination of Judge Walker, of Cooper, for State Senate—Instructs for Vest.

Special Telegram to the Sedalia Bazon.

Tipton, Mo., July 18. The Senatorial Convention of the democracy of this district, comprising the counties of Cooper, Monrovia and Morgan, met here to-day, and nominated Judge James Walker, of Cooper, for the State Senate, on the first ballot.

A resolution was adopted in conformity with those passed by the Cooper county convention, instructing Judge Walker, if elected, to vote for Geo. G. Vest for United States Senator.

RIPE FOR THE ROPE.

A Brutal and Lascivious Darkey Arrested for Assault Upon a White Girl.

Kansas City Times, 18th.

An arrest was made near Westport on Monday night of a negro named Jeff Hunter. He is charged by Mr. Turner Everhart, a well respected farmer near Westport, with a criminal assault upon one of his daughters. The negro is a brutal black fellow, as impudent as he is revolting in appearance. He had been in the employment of Mr. Everhart for a short time, and had demeaned himself in a very offensive manner towards two of the Misses Everhart. On the 11th day of July he seized upon one of the young ladies in the orchard and offered her insults which need not be named. The racial denied the crime, but positive proof is forthcoming of an attempt to violate the girl's person. Deputy Marshals Hayes and Keshler went out to hunt the lascivious rascal, and succeeded in capturing him and landing him in the county jail in this city, where he awaits trial.

LAMONTE.

LAMONTE, July 18th, 1878.

Miss Sallie Hannie returns to day to her home in California, Montevideo county, Mo. She says that she has spent a very pleasant time here on her visit. Her short stay is regretted very much by her numerous friends.

N. J. Patrick, of this place, and Joseph Fried, in J. S. Fleming's meadow, were smothered on Monday. Both of them are now up and out.

The hay harvest is nearly closed here—have had hot and dry weather—both are needed to make hay.

Mrs. Fannie Craghead died near this place, day before yesterday. Her remains were followed to their last resting place yesterday, by a large concourse of mourning friends. The Patrons of Husbandry took charge of the proceedings and went through the impressive ceremony as laid down for such occasions by that order.

Greenback County Convention.

In pursuance to a call, a County Convention of the Greenback party met in a White Hall this afternoon.

Wm. Lowery was elected president, and Isaac Wright, secretary.

The object of the convention was the appointment of a committee in each township.

In consequence of the non-representation of a number of townships, it was resolved that each township elect a committee on Saturday, July 27th, to attend a County Convention to be held in Sedalia Wednesday, July 31st.

A Country Dance.